

*Marine Perry*

# SAMARA

1952



"ALL IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"  
—Brown



Nancy Levey

# SAMARA

JUNE, 1952



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

—Browning



ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS



*"I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great imperial family to which we all belong, but I shall not have the strength to carry out this resolution alone unless you join in it with me, as I now invite you to do."*



## Editorial

FOR US, the senior class, our final and most profitable year has come to an end. Through this editorial, we are able to express our warm and sincere gratitude to the many people whom we have met along the way of our school life for their invaluable aid in the framing of our characters and the furthering of our plans for the future. We feel, as, surely, those who have gone before us have felt, that in consequence of the training received at Elmwood, we shall be able to face the complex problems of our daily life in this Atomic Age with a self-confidence denied to many by educational barriers.

During our eventful and unforgettable years here, we have witnessed the retirement of a beloved headmistress, Mrs. Buck. Though she is no longer one of the guiding factors of our daily life, she will always have a prominent place in the history of the school. Fortunately, her successor is one who, with her experience and understanding, is succeeding in earning the trust and admiration of all her students. We wish her all the luck that Dame Fortune can provide to make her career at Elmwood a successful and happy one.

In the place of greatest honour in our magazine this year, we have placed our young queen whose natural graciousness and personal charm we saw for ourselves last autumn when she visited Ottawa. We are aware that she is depending on all the young people of the Commonwealth to help her.

No matter what path our feet will tread in future life, we shall always remember and feel deeply indebted to Elmwood. To those who come after us, we can pass on the advice which we have found invaluable: Fulfill the spirit of the school motto; aim high!

## Magazine Staff

LESLIE ANNE JACKSON, *Managing Editor*

DIANA FRASER, *Assistant Editor*

WENDY QUAIN, *Literary Editor*

### *Committee*

DIANE BOYD

PATSY KNOWLTON

SUZETTE DEWOLF

MARGARET BOEHM

JANET LAWSON

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The editors of *Samara* wish to thank all those who have in any way helped us to publish the 1952 issue.

## *Head Mistress' Letter*

Dear Elmwoodians, Past and Present:

It is a great pleasure to me to have the opportunity to put down in black and white my gratitude for all the help I have had during my first year at Elmwood. I have particularly enjoyed meeting Old Girls, both in Montreal and Ottawa. We are compiling as full a list as possible of Old Girls and their activities, and hope in the next SAMARA to have a chronicle of your vital statistics. The present girls have made me feel very much at home here; by the example of their behaviour I have learned a great deal of what Elmwood stands for.

It is important that we all remember that any community, and particularly a school, is made up of individuals, and that each individual is a vital part of the structure of the school; if one of us makes a mistake, the whole suffers. This is why I feel added pleasure in looking back at the past year; it has been such a happy one that I feel that everyone must have been doing her best.

For the future I ask that we may work together so that tradition and progress may walk hand in hand.

Yours sincerely,

*Emily Graham*

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# Head Girl and Prefects



**Patricia Knowlton:**

*"Ah, why should life all labour be?"*

Patsy, better known to most of us as "Noli", is our capable Head Girl. She is most likely to be found rummaging through the school, picking up lost articles for pound: anything from baseball mitts to green bloomers.

Besides distinguishing herself by her musical ability, which ranges from playing the hymns in the morning to entertaining 6 Upper with a rowdy version of their theme song, *Oh, You Beautiful Doll*, she has also teamed with Windo to win the Senior Badminton doubles for the second year. Noli also boasts of being one of the original members of the school choir.

Thanks to Pat's frequent visits to Murray's, the prefects' sitting room has acquired quite an art collection to sport along with their favourite, *Lena the Hyena*.

Next year Noli will be seen bounding down the corridors of the Civic Hospital, gripping hypodermic needles and disinfectant soap as she goes about her daily duties at 6 a.m. Well, good-night and lots of good luck, Noli!



**Diana Boyd:**

*"I love work, but in sports that's doubly true".*

Di has gained great recognition in this year's Lit. classes for her most original portrayal of Shakespeare's *Juliet*. During a Geometry study, we may hear this honourable prefect ejaculating her usual vehement "Oh Gosh!!" when the problem in question refuses to be solved.

As head of Keller, Di has been doing a competent job: she directed the Keller House play to success in the annual presentations and acquired further dramatic laurels as a rich man's dowdy daughter in the Ashbury-Elmwood play. Di is an avid football fan; during the season she may be seen on a Saturday afternoon standing in the bleachers, cheering madly for another Karpuk play. Besides being a loyal supporter of the Maritimes, she is continually having to defend her Scottish ancestors which we say are all cattle thieves!

We wonder if Di will be wearing her traditionally squeaky shoes in the halls of McGill next year. But, squeaky or otherwise, we wish her the best of luck in the future!



**Suzette DeWolf:**

*"Heaven such grace did lend her  
That she might admired be".*

"Shoo", our able sports captain and Prefect is most noted for her femininity, her first in Senior Geometry last year, and her wild enthusiasm to spend every spare minute of her time on the tennis courts. Often stranded with only creampuffs and chocolate éclairs at the Prefects' teas, we wonder what we would do without Shoo's egg sandwiches, and we have bestowed upon her the dubious honour of keeping us supplied on these occasions. She has had the lasting distinction of being the first to buy the latest hit records, which unfortunately has cost the DeWolfs the privacy of their living room at varied and numerous periods during the week. Captain of the School Basketball Team, Shoo is one of our steadiest and most dependable forwards. In the Ashbury-Elmwood play, she portrayed the part of the maid with the required amount of condescension.

Sue's infectious giggle and enviable hairdo will be sadly missed at Elmwood next year, as she is headed for McGill. We are all convinced her future will be a Rosy one. Best of luck, Shoo!



# Prefects



**Diana Fraser:**

*"How now, Horatio!"*

In spite of being the laziest member of the sitting-room, which, incidentally, is quite a distinction, "Bobo" has done more than her share of work as Head of Fry and Head Boarder. In the Ashbury-Elmwood play, she played the romantic female lead with an assurance that no doubt resulted from her profitable summer at the Banff School of Fine Arts.

The sitting-room this year has been kept in a continual state of riotous commotion due to her wit and occasional snake-dance to the "Blue Tango". Wherever she goes we know she will always retain her love for Chinese meals, parties, lobster, and long fingernails.

Next year there is a chance that Bobo may be speeding along the highway between Iroquois and Brockville, in a state of doubtful anticipation, to another happy year of commercial classes. In spite of this, we wish all the luck in the world to someone who has made our last year at Elmwood a merry and memorable one!

**Leslie Anne Jackson:**

*"She bath a heart as sound as a bell".*

6 Upper's "Rock of Gibraltar", "Bell" has silently and capably completed her second successful year as Head of Nightingale.

Bell's conversation and her spare afternoons consist mainly of "double-headers", "Metkovich's batting average", and "the Athletics' standing". We find it hard to remember a time when, on turning on the radio, we have not been directed to listen for the score of some baseball game.

Except for an occasional snicker and a reciting of Latin translations more flowery than Horace or Vergil themselves ever thought of, Bell sits quietly and no doubt forms questionable opinions regarding the haywire antics of her friends. She is continually disappearing on mysterious weekend trips, which, when she is questioned, usually turn out to be to her beloved "Chipawa" or the Seignory Club.

Bell's plans for next year are set on a job. Whatever it may be, we know she will be successful and we will always think of her as a good friend.



**Wendy Quain:**

*"The blush is beautiful  
But sometimes inconvenient".*

"Windo" is graduating this year with her sights set on McGill University where she will no doubt continue to play her version of "Old Piano Roll Blues" as she has for the last three years. Her favourite pastime (it seems) is crawling under the classroom tables frantically looking for her beloved eraser. We all rejoiced this winter when Windo was made a Prefect as we no longer have to call our teas, "the Prefects and Wendy teas".

For the second year, Windo is the winner of the Senior Badminton singles and with partner Noli, the Badminton Doubles.

One of the more travelled members of 6 Upper, Windo comes in daily from Kingsmere which makes it necessary for her to live the majority of weekends out of a suitcase.

Those of us who will not follow her path to McGill will miss her inimitable imitations and wish her the best of luck in the future.





Margy

# House Seniors and Monitors



**Margaret Boehm:**

*"I'm sure I have a noble mind,  
With honesty and tact,  
And no one's more surprised than I,  
To see the way I act."*

"Bemo" is the youngest House Senior, as well as being the youngest in VI Matric. This year Margy devoted her musical abilities to playing the hymns in the morning, and also accompanying the choir. This came to an end due to an accident in which she had her hand broken thus depriving her of her well-loved sports in which she excelled. As Sports Captain of Nightingale she was kept busy, since she was also on the senior school basketball team. Her pet aversion this spring seemed to be autographs on her clean white (?) casts, but she finally conceded, after two months, to her ardent fans. Margy's outside interests include skiing and canoeing at which she is quite professional. This year Margaret has been Form Captain during the last term, and we hope this post is returned to her next autumn.

**Shelagh Macoun:**

*"Why take life so seriously? You'll never get out of it alive."*

Shelagh is the "arty" member of VI Matric., and is also a "well-informed citizen" on diversified subjects. As a member of the choir, Shelagh is noted for her "base baritone"—the one and only. She being an enthusiastic House Senior, we often see Shelagh leaping from her desk to "quietly" plead for silence in the halls. She was an ardent tennis and riding fan before she had several automobile accidents. Therefore, we all realize why at this time her dislikes are cars and more cars. Her main interest now is classical music, and she often accompanies Rachmaninoff on her recorder. We hope that by next year this great love for the recorder will have faded so that we may have some quiet in our studies. On the other hand who knows but what we may have a budding genius in our midst. Till next fall "Good Luck" Shelagh!

Shelagh



**MONITORS**

Best Luck  
Margy

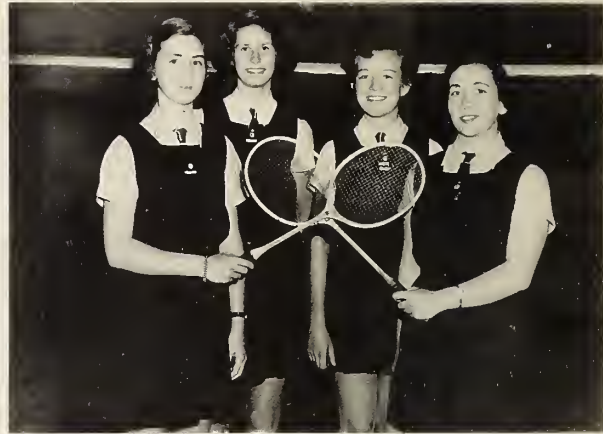
Smiley M. Repert of  
is 18th the Best of  
everything!

*Jue*

# Fry House



TENNIS



BADMINTON



HOUSE



SENIOR BASKETBALL



JUNIOR BASKETBALL



## *Fry House Notes*

**A** GAIN this year the majority of Fry's members have been Intermediates who, I might add, have done an excellent job of backing up the considerably smaller group of Seniors.

Although we did not succeed in winning the house plays, we managed to produce a traditionally different play, *The Day is Bright*.

It is no fault of our competent sports captain, Jill Edward, that Fry has not been too successful on the sports field but we are looking forward to better luck on Sports Day.

### **House Members**

Prefect, Head of House—Diana Fraser  
Monitors—Jill Edward, Janet Lawson  
Sports Captain—Jill Edward

### **Staff**

Miss Dixon, Miss Leonard, Miss Flemington,  
Mrs. English.

### **House**

Susan Brain, Beverly Brown, Janet Chapman,  
Betsy Jane Davis, Cicely Dunn, Julie Gibson,  
Janet Hanson, Susan Harris, Naz Ikramullah,  
Olga Kingsmill, Marianne Lovink, Terry

Paes, Nancy Perry, Susan Richardson,  
Lambie Steven, Marion Welbourne, Sally  
Wright.

### **Senior Basketball**

Centre forward: Jill Edward. Forwards: Sue  
Richardson, Janet Hanson. Centre guard:  
Janet Lawson. Guards: Diana Fraser, Mari-  
anne Lovink.

### **Junior Basketball**

Centre forward: Sally Wright. Forwards: Julie  
Gibson, Nancy Perry. Centre guard: Janet  
Chapman. Guards: Sue Harris, Terry Paes.

### **Senior Badminton**

Singles: Marianne Lovink.  
Doubles: Marianne Lovink, Diana Fraser.

### **Junior Badminton**

Singles: Sally Wright.  
Doubles: Sally Wright, Susan Richardson.

### **Senior Tennis**

Singles: Diana Fraser.  
Doubles: Janet Hanson, Janet Lawson.

### **Junior Tennis**

Singles: Sally Wright.  
Doubles: Sally Wright, Susan Richardson.

## *Keller House Notes*

**T** HIS year we welcomed six new girls into the House. Jane Mulholland, Meg Reynolds, Audrey Ashbourne, Carol Thubron, Andrea Rowley and, more recently, Salma Ikramullah have all contributed greatly to the House along with the other members. We were also pleased when Miss Gooderham joined us.

With the production of the Christmas play, *An Empty Gesture*, we won first place in the competition, and we also placed first in the House Collections with our arrangement of *The Night Before Christmas*.

The sports this year have been under the efficient leadership of Suzette DeWolf, our school sports captain, and Wendy Quain. We won both junior and senior basketball tourna-

ments, the senior badminton singles and the junior doubles. Although we were unsuccessful in the volley-ball, we have hopes for the tennis.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank all the members of Keller who have, as a group and individually, contributed so much to make this such a happy and successful year for the House, and who have always lived up to our motto, "Fair Play."

### **House Members**

Prefect, Head of House—Diane Boyd.  
Head Girl—Pat Knowlton.  
Prefect, School and House Sports Captain—  
Suzette DeWolf.  
Prefect—Wendy Quain.  
House Senior—Shelagh Macoun.



Monitor—Felicity Giles.

Salma Ikramullah, Jennifer Woolcombe, Joan Campbell, Joan Fagan, Wendy Gilchrist, Tish Heeney, Sheila McCormick, Joan Mulholland, Meg Reynolds, Sarita Setton, Shirley Thomas, Audrey Ashbourne, Carol Thubron, Andrea Rowley.

#### **Staff Members**

Miss Adams, Miss Gooderham, Madame Krupka, Mrs. Meiklejohn, Mr. McTavish.

#### **Senior Basketball**

Forwards—Diane Boyd, Suzette DeWolf, Jennifer Woolcombe. Guards, Pat Knowlton, Jane Mulholland, Wendy Quain. Subs, Felicity Giles, Shelagh Macoun.

#### **Junior Basketball**

Forwards—Joan Fagan, Sarita Setton, Carol Thubron. Guards, Wendy Gilchrist, Sheila McCormick, Joan Mulholland. Subs, Andrea Rowley, Joan Campbell.

#### **Senior Badminton**

Singles—Sarita Setton. Doubles—Sheila McCormick, Joan Mulholland.

#### **Senior Tennis**

Singles—Wendy Quain. Singles—Shelagh Macoun. Doubles—Diane Boyd, Suzette DeWolf.

#### **Junior Tennis**

Singles—Sarita Setton. Doubles—Sheila McCormick, Joan Mulholland.

## *Nightingale House Notes*

**T**HIS year, we welcomed many new girls to take the places of those who had gone, and increased our ranks with strength to give the opposition a good deal of competition. Peggy Baker, Vicki Brain, Judy Ewing, Margot Freiman, Sue Hislop, Marianne Merry, Joan Stevenson, Josephine Stone, Virginia Strain and Frances Wood have all shown good house spirit and have quickly become acquainted with the traditions of our house. In the second term, Anika Böök joined us to take Norma Baird's place when she went into nursing after Christmas.

In interhouse activities this year, we were a close second to Keller in the house collections. We also lost out on the house plays; however the cast of the play are to be congratulated.

On the sports field, our senior basketball team came second, with our juniors ranking third. The volleyball teams made a much better showing, making a clean sweep of both senior and junior opposition. On the badminton court, our senior singles claimed second place, our doubles third place; while the juniors won second place in both singles and doubles.

#### **House Members**

House Head, Prefect: Leslie Anne Jackson. Sports Captain, House Senior: Margaret Boehm.

Monitors: Sandra McKee, Cathy Prudham.

#### **Staff**

Miss Robinson, Miss Shand, Mrs. Soulis.

#### **House**

Anika Böök, Bobby Bradshaw, Vicki Brain, Jo-Ann Davis, Judy Ewing, Margot Freiman, Sue Hislop, Joan Maynard, Marianne Merry, Virginia Shurly, Joan Stevenson, Josephine Stone, Virginia Strain, Frances Wood.

#### **Senior Basketball**

Jo-Ann Davis, Sandra McKee, Margaret Boehm, Leslie Anne Jackson, Joan Maynard, Cathy Prudham.

#### **Junior Basketball**

Virginia Shurly, Josephine Stone, Bobby Bradshaw, Frances Wood, Joan Maynard, Joan Stevenson.

#### **Badminton Team**

Sandra McKee, Josephine Stone, Joan Maynard, Leslie Anne Jackson.

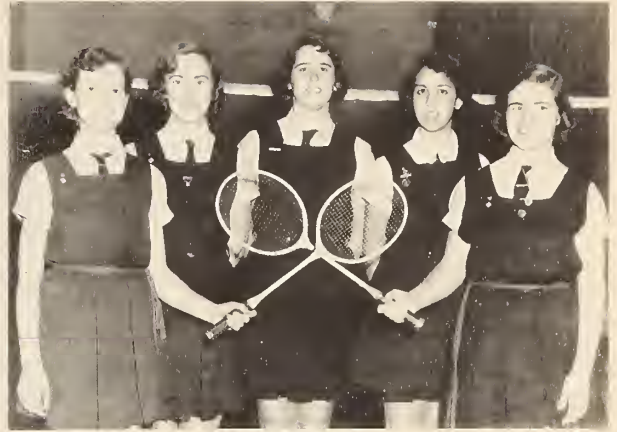
#### **Tennis Team**

Joan Maynard, Josephine Stone, Leslie Anne Jackson, Margaret Boehm, Jo-Ann Davis, Virginia Shurly.

# Keller House



TENNIS



BADMINTON



HOUSE

*Good luck  
next year*



SENIOR BASKETBALL



JUNIOR BASKETBALL



# *Nightingale House*



TENNIS



BADMINTON



HOUSE



SENIOR BASKETBALL



JUNIOR BASKETBALL



## Form Notes

### VI MATRIC

The first term this year found VI Matric only one-half its former size as 5A, but louder and full of more enthusiasm, (not all for school work, though!) The class consisted of such able members as Margaret Boehm, Jill Edward, Felicity Giles, Janet Lawson, Shelagh Macoun, and Cathy Prudham.

Margie Boehm shared the honor of playing the morning hymns with Patsy Knowlton, while Jill Edward accompanied the vocal cords of the boarders in the evenings.

The form members seemed to do a great deal of travelling during the year. If it were not to Edmonton or New York it was to the Ottawa Civic Hospital. Janet Lawson went to New York and Toronto. Cathy went to New York and also "hopped" on a westbound horse to Edmonton; while Jill frequently ended up in the troop car of the train bound for Sudbury. (This was always a "mistake" though.) Felicity was very lucky too, to go to New York at Easter and quite often into Quebec. A familiar sight going from home to boarding school is Felicity, with her suitcase under her arm.

Shelagh Macoun and Margie Boehm were the most frequent travellers to the Civic, while Jan Lawson joined them once after they were in a car entangled with an O.T.C. bus. (It seems people are always grumbling because they miss the bus but I am sure Jan, Shelagh, and Margie would not have minded in the least if they had missed a certain bus).

The school basketball had three able players from 6 Matric: Margie Boehm, Cathy Prudham, and Jill Edward. The whole form starred in all of the school sports when not laid up in casts or wheel-chairs.

Miss Dixon has joined in all the fun and troubles of 6 Matric and 5A as form mistress, and is considered by *les filles* as "one of the girls."

### VA

VA this year has been the form with a foreign flavour and we are a miniature United Nations. Besides that, we are a class of extremes (that is in height!) As one can see, we are altogether different.

In September we had a new member, Janet Hanson. And here is a tip, whenever you want to find Jan, always look in front of a piano and you will not have much trouble.

In the fall Elizabeth Wijkman left us for Woodstock Country School in the United States, and we have been very happy to welcome Annika Böök from Sweden who came to us after the Christmas holidays. It didn't take her long to pick up English!

We did not have to wait long for another new member; Sahna Ikramullah arrived from Pakistan. She makes up for her lack of size in other ways.

Marianne Lovink came from Holland last year and has made her presence heard if not felt. Representing Fry she played in Senior Badminton.

For the second year we have been so lucky as to win the debating. Jennifer Woolcombe as our leader is a tops debater. She is also on the school Basketball team.

Both Jo-Anne Davis and Sandra McKee were in the school play and in the debating against 6M and 5B. In the spring Sandra became a monitor, and she and Jo-Anne were our form captains during the year.

Last but not least is our form mistress, Miss Dixon, whom unfortunately we had to share with 6M. Woe is us!

### VB

For the past ten days we have been wading knee-deep in attempted form notes; among the remnants we find:

... One of the many fads this year has been the "Misguided Missiles", (commonly known as paper darts) thrown principally by Nancy Perry and Virginia Shurly who seem to have a lot to say, mostly in Piglatin . . .

... On walking through the cloakroom one receives a rude shock; Sarita Setton stands in front of the mirror admiring herself while Sheila McCormick criticizes and Sue Richardson bounds in and out, skipping or wielding a bolo-bat with great dexterity . . .

... And from the window Janet Chapman, who has a bird's-eye view, reports the menu for lunch delivered with graphic explanations. Suitable comments are made by "back seat Bradshaw" who has a caustic remark for everything . . .

... And round the corner comes a Latin book with Meg Reynolds behind it. Arriving at the board she writes "Hello" (something we could never find a reason for?) and completely upsets Tish Heeney who is lazily drawing an abstraction in a fit of genius . . .

... Wendy Gilchrist, who is going abroad this year, furnishes Joan Maynard with a description of inoculations, passports, and other necessary precautions much to the annoyance of Miss Leonard, our Form Mistress, who is demanding quiet . . .

... There is usually a small huddle around Joan Fagan's desk and the occupant, which reveals Olga Kingsmill, Lambie Steven and Joan Campbell discoursing upon the most recent movies and stars with which the inside of her desk is paved . . .

... Jane Mulholland, a slightly distracted form captain hops into Prayers minus her glasses and tie and a heavy tread from the suffering stairs introduces Josephine Stone, a recent arrival from Argentina . . .

... Terry Paes and Shirley Thomas left us after half a year. Do you blame them? . . .

## VC

"Admiral Krupka, we welcome you on board the H.M.C.S. *Five Seas* for the inspection tour," boomed Capt. Welbourn, Willy, as she is usually called by her ship-mates.

"Cmdr. Frances Wood, engineer," went on Willy, not mentioning that Fran is her best pal and they would stick by each other even if they were blown overboard. Which would not be surprising for those two!

There goes two bells and there is a great rush and helter-skeltering from all parts of the ship and everyone is diving down the ladder to the dining room. We hear a patter and a pair of dithered feet running around and there is Lt. Freiman, our boisterous radar expert, grabbing a sandwich and muttering something about "3 minutes fog-aye, aye!" and that is the end of that. Lt. Ashbourne is pounding away on the piano trying to pick up the tune of *Anchors Aweigh*. She is not progressing because of the seagulls overhead!

In the galley is Able Seaman Ewing laboriously making shrimp and lobster pudding (the rat poisoning beside her!) Or. Seaman Beef Brown rushes in with a stackful of dirty dishes, depositing them topsy-turvy in the sink and rushes out. She is chief steward, and funnily enough, she seems to be swimming in her apron. I wonder why? But whom do we see in the corner peeling potatoes? Or. Seaman Wright just barely enlisted. On her list of chores is putting out the garbage and swabbing decks—but detail!

Down in the engine room all greasy we see P.O.s Strain and Naz Ikramullah. The latter just came from a foreign ship and is very interested in engines. We find her upside down drawing beautiful women with a grease can in the fuel tank. P.O. Strain is busy trying to remember her code or shorthand, as the case may be; on reports.

In the chapel we see Rev. Brain who is industriously trying to learn the marriage ceremony off by heart. Always studying. We also see Beef Brown in there again practising her scales.

There is a whiz and a rush and we are determined to find out what it is. We follow the noise and, lo and behold, Lts. Stevenson and Thubron buying popsicles in the canteen. Giggling they rush off for more mischief elsewhere.

I am sorry to say that when Admiral Krupka saw just that much of our fine ship she was most anxious to get off. She rushed down the gangplank murmuring, "Quel heureux!"

#### IVA and Upper IVB

Every class within itself is a small government and many types of people with various personalities compose each class. Now I should like to familiarize you with our government.

As our caucus begins at 8.45 a.m. we see our first-comer and only boarder, Minister of Agriculture Marianne Merry, whose ability to "sew" is really amazing. Next we have that inseparable pair, Rosemary Findlay and Susannah Clarke. Because of her "Quiz and Ego" ability, Rosemary is our capable Minister of Trade and Commerce. Susannah, one of our baseball experts, has an admirable appetite and has proven at noon time that she is well fitted for the "Internal" Affairs Ministry.

Coming down the hall we see our Ministers of "Minds" and Resources, and Labour. The former is our ardent reader Vicky Brain who has a high average in all subjects. The latter is Andrea Rowley, whose studying is something none of the rest of us ever equal. "Andy" finds this studying worth while as her marks are ones she can be proud of.

Following these two is our lively Form Captain and Minister of Finance, Cicely Dunn.

"Cis" is our chief source of information for any math homework. Bounding up the stairs is our vivacious American friend, Sue Harris. In her post of Minister of Defence, Sue has held aloft the Star Spangled Banner so successfully that many of us went across the border for the Easter holidays.

Now we see Judy Kleinhaus and tiny Franny Cabeldu. Judy, who skipped grade six has had rather tough luck with broken legs, etc., so in hopes for her better health she is Minister of Health and Welfare. Franny, our ex-Merito girl, is the peace-maker in Upper IVB and therefore Minister of Justice. Entering the classroom we now have our Minister of Transport, Sue Hislop. Sue came to us from New Zealand and is very good at "transporting" a tennis ball across the net. Beside her is Peggy Baker, who enjoys drowsing in class. Peg believes the present day pupil is much overworked, and for this excellent opinion she is Minister of Education. Coming after these two is red-headed Julie Gibson, the Minister without Portfolio, who is handling all the extra jobs (like the form report); however, I think she rather enjoys them.

Now we have our Minister of Fisheries, Sandra Graham. "Sandy" can sure make the baseball "fly" over everyone's head and in the field she always "catches" very deftly.

There goes the bell—and here comes forever late Betsy Jane Davis. "B.J." has a friendly interest in everything and everybody's doings and so she's our Minister of External Affairs.

And now, as a hush falls on the caucus, in comes our Prime Minister, Miss Gooderham. Miss Gooderham is well liked by all the girls and never displays the temper her red hair would suggest. It has been through Miss Gooderham's help and encouragement that we've had two successful form teas and IVA won the honour of being the first class all to have stripes and thus earned a half holiday.





# School

## Notes

### The Hallowe'en Party

We entered the gaily decorated hall to find everybody rushing madly around asking what so and so was, and saying what a wonderful idea Andrea Rowley's and Sally Wright's costume was. Then after everybody had settled down, Miss Leonard came out onto the stage to announce the mistresses' play: *Lord Ullin's Daughter*. This was an excellent performance. After this came the Grand March in which Sarita Setton and Wendy Gilchrist, dressed as a Charleston couple, did a bit of the Charleston. Also Janet Lawson, Shirley Thomas, Janet Hansen and Sandra McKee played a mild game of "Cops and Robbers."

When the game of Musical Bumps was over we had the pleasure of seeing the hilarious comedy, *John and Marcia Face Life Together*, produced, directed and acted by 6 Upper. This was done by acting the literal meaning of many English idioms.

Then a delicious supper of cake, cookies, candies and chocolate milk was served.

When supper was over we played the pacifying game of "Mr. Jones' Remains." This was done by passing around various objects to represent Mr. Jones' insides; e.g., a wet grape for his eyeball!

Then came the 5A radio skit in which "Fuz," and similar products were featured. After this amusing "Quiz Programme", Janet Hanson played *God Save the King*, the close to a wonderful Hallowe'en Party!

### The House Collections

The House Collections were held on December 6, right after the House Plays. The three houses, Fry, Nightingale and Keller competed against each other for the honour of having the best House Collection. The general idea of the things collected are: games, usable clothes, books of which there were many cartons this year, and dozens of beautifully knitted objects.

The manner in which the collections were shown were: Fry, collection arranged around a brightly decorated Christmas tree; Keller, things in front of a glowing fireplace; Nightingale, a nursery complete with mannikin nurse! And of these three wonderful displays Keller House had the best.

### Free Day

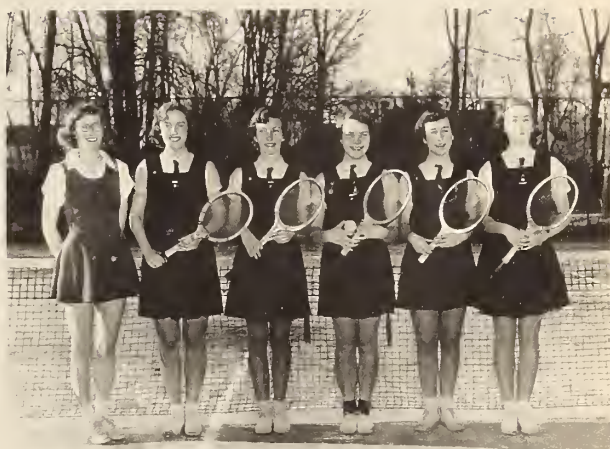
Although in the past years Free Day usually fell on the first day after the examinations, this year, because our exams were before Christmas, Free Day came on Thursday, January 31. This is the one day when the forms can plan their own time-table and be taught what they want. With the Juniors taking Latin and the Seniors making fudge, the mistresses must have gathered what the students' idea is of a perfect school day!

De



HEADS OF THE  
HOUSES

SCHOOL TENNIS  
TEAM



SCHOOL BASKETBALL  
TEAM





SCHOOL CHOIR



PARENTS' TEA



### Art Notes

We had a large collection of colourful pictures this year displayed every week by the juniors in the dining room. Under Mrs. Amtmann, our budding young artists displayed their artistic sense extremely well. The pictures were very original and they have improved a great deal since the beginning of the year.

The special Art group, taught by Mr. Hyndman, labour away every Tuesday, drawing old men, Elmwood girls, or scenes of Sherwood Forest at the park. The results are usually on the fair side and are occasionally displayed in the dining room whenever anyone produces a Van Gogh. We were very much pleased Mr. Hyndman could teach us this year but I think that he often wishes he did not have to teach our very strenuous group.

### The Formal Dance

This year our formal dance was held on Friday, April 18. We combined forces with Ashbury to make the biggest and most successful formal that has ever been seen within the portals of Elmwood.

Freiman's decorated the auditorium and the Prefects of both schools laboured for two days with the decorations in the front hall, library, senior classroom and dining room. Cammy Howard's excellent orchestra supplied the music and the Mothers' Guild donated delicious refreshments.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all those at Ashbury who so kindly co-operated with us.

### Debating

This year our inter-class debating was very successful. The classes from 5C to 6M took part. The 6 Uppers do not participate because they are supposed to be the best. The helpful hints from Miss Leonard were appreciated and the topics were good. 5B won over 5C, and 5A over 6M. That left 5A to debate 5B. We had, to judge the debate, Miss Cairine Wilson. The negative 5A proved that "Radio is *not* detrimental to society." Jennifer Woollcombe, leader, Sandra McKee and Jo-Anne

Davis were the three who debated for 5A and Sheila McCormick, leader of the affirmative, with an outstanding rebuttal, Janet Chapman and Tish Heeney argued for 5B. The debate was excellent and very even, but we were glad to see that 5A took the prize.

### Square Dance

This year the Intermediate School planned a Square Dance for May 16. They hired an orchestra for the occasion, under Roger Boullière, which provided the suitable music for a Square Dance. Round dancing was in the front hall for those needing a rest and some nice soothing music!

It was an unqualified success.

### Ballet Notes

Under the able instruction of Erna Pilupe, Elmwood's young ballet enthusiasts have improved greatly. Our thanks to Mrs. Earl for accompanying us on the piano.

1, 2, 3, 4 can be heard echoing from the halls of the gym every Friday afternoon, as the hard working ballet pupils proceed with their exercises. There is to be a Ballet Recital held this year, but the date is not as yet determined.

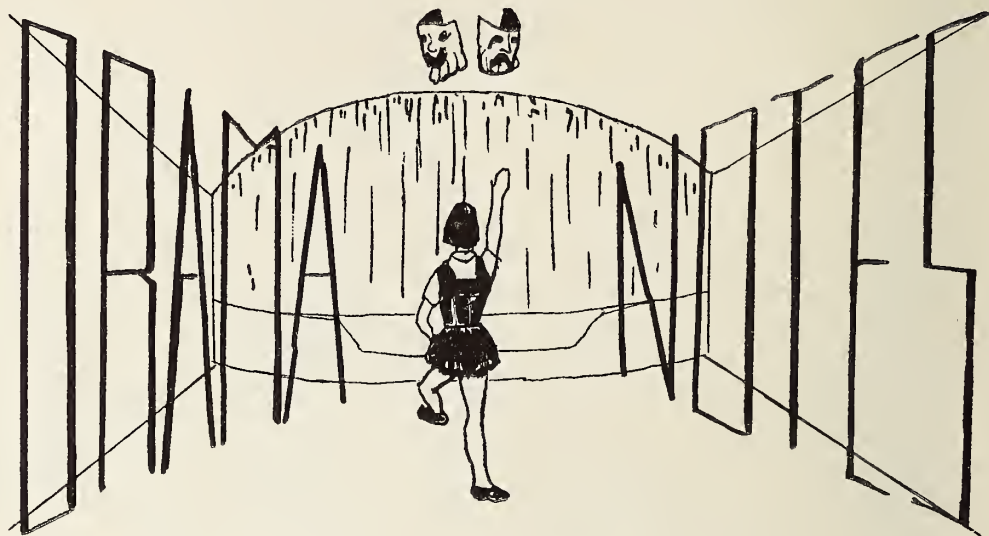
Effi Malamackie and Sheila McCormick are proving very talented with their grace and technique. Courtesy of J. Lawson, the floor has developed a slight squeak!

### Music Notes

Mr. McTavish is still with us valiantly attempting to teach our aspiring musicians. A great deal of interest have been evinced by the younger members of the school; and most of the girls have been doing good work.

The morning service has been greatly added to by the playing of the morning hymn by Margaret Boehm, Pat Knowlton and Wendy Quain. Jill Edward should also be given a note of praise for trying to keep the boarding school in tune at the supper grace.

During this past term Mrs. Graham has very kindly had some choir robes made for us. We made an appearance before the assembled parents of the girls at the presentation of the Junior Plays.



### Dramatics

ONCE again another successful year of dramatics comes to a close. This began with the House Plays under the direction of the House Heads. With the production of *An Empty Gesture*, Keller won first place in the competition and was followed closely by Fry's *The Day is Bright*, and Nightingale's *Remember Your Diaphragm*. It is impossible to choose the best participants from Keller, as they were equally successful, but Janet Hanson and Julie Gibson were the best from Fry, and Norma Baird and Sandra McKee from Nightingale.

Following these, the Senior Dramatic Class, directed by Mrs. Meiklejohn, presented a nativity play, *Christmas in the Market-Place*. The cast was assisted by the juniors as on-lookers, and the Elmwood Choir organized by Mr. McTavish. The most outstanding characters were Leslie Jackson as the old gypsy, *Melchoir*, Diana Fraser as the irate Roman woman, Diane Boyd as *Mary*, Jennifer Woollcombe as the young shepherd, Janet Hanson as *Joseph*, Marianne Lovink as the archangel, and Shelagh Macoun as *Elizabeth*.

The annual Ashbury-Elmwood play was presented on March 21, at the Little Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Belcher, and Mr. Devine. Together with a good Ashbury cast, six Elmwoodians gave admirable performances. Diana Fraser was the female lead, and the others were: Leslie Jackson, Diane Boyd, Sandra McKee, Jo-Anne Davis, and Suzette DeWolf.

The most recent productions were the two junior plays on May 2. *The Magic Egg* was a very entertaining Easter story, and Jane MacTavish, Helena Wijkman and Susie Southam as the father rabbit, the rooster and the annoyed hen were especially good.

In the next play, *Children of the Sun*, we found ourselves in the midst of an interesting lesson in astronomy. All the planets were cleverly portrayed. Rosemary Findlay as Mr. Sun turned in a very good performance and the other clever interpretations were those of Judy Kleinhans, Christina Wijkman, Frances Cabeldu, Madge Macbeth, Susannah Clarke and Louise Hayley.

These performances have combined to make a worth while year in the field of dramatics.





By SALLY WRIGHT





*By TISH HEENEY*



THIS year in the boarding school we have had a number of newcomers, all of whom seemed to arrive at different times during the year so I shall not even attempt to give a record of who was here, when, and for how long! However, it might be recorded here that everyone seemed to take the various changes with a great adaptability which simplified many problems.

Mrs. Graham, our new head mistress, and Miss Dixon lived "down at the house"; Miss Gooderham, Miss Davidson and Mrs. Soulis, our matron were the new arrivals in the resident staff. At this point, we wish to thank Miss Jessop, our house mistress, for so kindly arranging all the lovely outings to concerts, plays, etc.

According to tradition we had a visit from "Santa" at our Christmas pajama party for staff and girls. Needless to say, much amusement ensued during the opening of presents and the serving of refreshments afterwards. A delicious tea and rousing carols were enjoyed by the boarders on the Sunday before the Christmas holidays; our warmest thanks

to Mrs. Graham for making our Christmas celebration at school so delightful.

A new social entertainment was experienced by the senior boarders this year. We enjoyed several evenings at Mrs. Graham's house, reading plays with the Ashbury boys. I need hardly mention how much the eats were enjoyed, too! Again this year Ashbury dances were of great interest in the boarding school; our thanks to those who waited up for us. Square dancing has become more and more popular; thanks to Miss Jessop, we were all prepared to "trip the light fantastic" when the time came.

Once a month, all those Boarders who had been especially good for that period of time were given a "treat" which usually entailed a movie on a Thursday or Friday night. Statistics proved that after it was discovered how much fun these treats were, many more "good" marks appeared in the book!

On looking back over the past school year, we who will not be returning next September wish to thank all those who made our last year at Elmwood a memorable one!





Sports Captains, 1951-1952:

School—Suzette DeWolf.

Fry—Jill Edward.

Nightingale—Margaret Boehm.

Keller—Suzette DeWolf.

### **Sports Day 1951**

Fortunately we were provided with a nice day for the sports last year, and everything went smoothly. The cups were awarded as follows:

Senior Sports Cup—Margaret Cameron.

Intermediate Sports Cup—Shirley Thomas.

Junior Sports Cup—Susan Hislop.

Preparatory Sports Cup—Louise Hayley.

Interhouse Sports Cup—Keller.

### **Basketball**

This year, unlike last, we played a grand total of six games outside the school. Our first was against Nepean, whom we beat 13 to 10, in a thrilling and extremely close game. Next came our annual game against Hatfield Hall. This was played in the Queen's University Gymnasium. However, it was their turn to win, and win they did, 38 to 20. Afterwards, they kindly treated us to a most welcome dinner at the hotel in Kingston. Much to our pleasure, we had a chance to play Carleton

College in December, and added another win to our list, 18 to 13. Our next game was played with Buckingham High School. Although we were defeated miserably, 26 to 18, we played a good game. However, the junior team redeemed us by winning their game easily, 56 to 6. Carleton challenged us again and got their revenge with a 15 to 8 win. Our sixth and final game this year was against the Y.W.C.A., which we enjoyed very much but lost 23 to 13. At the beginning of the year the Juniors played an evenly matched game with Rockcliffe Public and obtained their first win, 19 to 12.

### **Badminton**

This year we played off the house and school badminton in one tournament. Wendy Quain was the Senior Singles winner for the second year, and paired with Pat Knowlton to win the Doubles again. The Junior winners were as follows:

Singles—Sally Wright.

Doubles—Jane Mulholland and Sheila McCormick.

### **Gym**

Due to the new indoor baskets, we played a lot of basketball during our gym periods, much to our delight. We did little apparatus

work, but made up for it with exercises. During the last term, Miss Jessop taught us many square dances, which we enjoyed thoroughly.

### **Skiing and Skating**

The rink this year was made on the tennis courts quite successfully, where Miss Choquette gave lessons every Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon. Miss Jessop took the girls skiing at Rockcliffe Park every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and sometimes took the boarders to the Gattineau on the week-ends.

### **Tennis**

Last fall and again this spring many Elmwoodians have made use of the tennis courts; a tournament is in progress at present.

### **Senior Basketball Team**

Forwards: Suzette DeWolf (captain), Diane Boyd, Norma Baird, Margaret Boehm, Jennifer Woolcombe, Jill Edward.

Guards: Wendy Quain, Pat Knowlton, Leslie Anne Jackson, Jane Mulholland, Janet Lawson, Catherine Prudham.

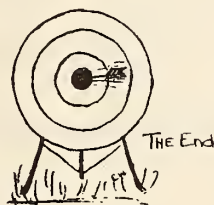
### **School Tennis Team**

1st Single—Wendy Quain.

2nd Singles—Shelagh Macoun.

3rd Singles—Sally Wright.

Doubles—Suzette DeWolf, Diane Boyd.



### **Dactylic Tetrameter**

Loud the ball crashing to ceiling,  
To the floor again, and bouncing;  
Now through net, by hand too urgent,  
Now the server hits o'er boundary,  
Team-mates cheering loud, then softer  
When a point they chance to fumble—  
Plunging this way, to fall that way,  
Tired and weary players tripping  
Over feet and balls and bodies—  
Suddenly the shrilling whistle  
Ends the game with losers smiling!

SUE DEWOLF, VI Upper  
Keller

### **Advance!**

"Courage!" was the urgent shout,  
"Be brave!" from comrades near—  
Cries of "Onward!" from without,  
And to their allies, farewells dear.

With faces long, of whitish hue,  
They faced their Head, en masse;  
With papers in both hands clenched blue,  
Orders which would soon be passed.

Whispers silenced through the room  
When all received their plans,  
A picture of heart-rending gloom,  
They picked up pens to write exams.

WENDY QUAIN, VI Upper  
Keller



## Senior Literary Section

### Requiescat

*Farewell, my King:  
Blessed are you among men—  
From sea to sea,  
From pole to pole,  
To every little corner of this earth  
Your grace and mercy spread  
Till we, your subjects overseas,  
Full of love  
For you and all you stood for,  
Dared proudly to stand and say  
To all the world,  
Friend and foe alike,  
"He was ours," our very own;  
Our symbol of what we think is right—  
Farewell, my King!*

DIANA FRASER, VI Upper  
Fry

### Seedtime and Harvest

This is a story I could not tell, and you could not tell. A scarecrow told it to me. It was autumn, a warm day in September, and I was eight. I don't know why, but I chose this day to walk down our path, leap over the gate, and wander in and out of the giant stocks of corn. After walking for a long time, I came to a clearing where I saw a scarecrow. He was an old acquaintance whom I had helped model and dress annually for many years. Father had explained that he would be placed in the cornfield to "scare the crows," and here he was. I was tired; the warm sun, the soft green grass, and the rampart of stalks afforded the most comfortable resting place, so I curled up at the foot of the scarecrow and fell fast asleep.

This is the story the scarecrow told me:

Every year for the past twenty-five years I have guarded this cornfield. I have watched the seeding, the growing and the harvesting

of the corn. I have seen human life come and go, and watched the dawn and sunset of each day, following the same cycle of development as my corn. Each year I notice the change in my human friends. All have unrolled one year of their life and some I miss, for they have gone. But as dawn follows every sunset, so does a new life replace death.

I remember young Peter Brown used to be friends with the crows in the field. Once when one had a broken wing he tended it until the bird could fly. He loved the young crows and they knew no fear of him. While he was young he came annually to help them. Then one year when he was brave and strong, he came early in the morning, and shot them. He often brought a young lady then. His interests were all on her and he cursed the noisy crows. How he had changed! They married, and now I watch Peter's son who feeds the crows. Peter's maturing is similar to the growth of the corn. As he fed the

crows, the corn grew; as he shot the crows, the corn was harvested; and as his son was born, the corn reproduced.

Day has never failed to come. I see the first glimmer of light as it peeps over the horizon. I watch the darkness slowly vanish and the yellow sun thrust its glorious colour throughout the valley. The farmer appears at his doorway, scans the sky and smiles. He works all day in the fields, and as the sun sinks slowly in the west, turns homeward. Darkness draws around, stillness is everywhere, and the earth is asleep. The day will come, the corn will seed, day will pass, corn will grow, and, as the day will end, so will the corn be harvested. Yes, I believe all the phases of life follow the same pattern of life as the corn I guard.

He spoke no more, and I awoke. I had been told a strange story concerning things I had never thought of before. When I arrived home, Father informed me he needed my help in the morning. It was time for harvest, so the scarecrow was coming down.

MEG REYNOLDS, 5B

*Keller*

### **The Calgary Stampede**

Last July my father and I were invited as guests of the Mayor of Calgary to attend the Calgary Stampede.

We departed by plane bright and early one morning from Edmonton, which is our home town, and arrived at the Calgary airport two hours later. Here we were met by the Mayor and a few of the officials who were connected with the Stampede. After being introduced to every one of them we were driven to the Hotel Palliser where two rooms had been reserved for us. We said good-bye to the welcoming party and they arranged to pick us up about one o'clock in the afternoon.

Later on in the morning, Dad and I decided to go for a short stroll to view all the goings-on. The whole city was one blaze of colour. On each street corner there was an imitation corral made from painted brown logs, while inside it, made from cardboard coloured to suit, was a cowboy on a bucking bronco.

There were many different coloured streamers hanging from the windows of the buildings and around each street pole were twisted pieces of tinted paper. On top of the Canadian National Railway Station in huge, red block letters was written, "Howdy Partner, Welcome to Canada's Stampede of the Year." Every car that whizzed by seemed to catch our eye. It was not because of the colour nor make, but because of the licence plates. Every one of them seemed to be from a different province or state; yes, this stampede certainly was a great attraction in the West. Everywhere we looked, we could never miss seeing the flashy coloured shirts of the cowboys, or hearing the clinking of spurs on the pavement.

As we walked on we noticed, about a block in front of us, a crowd of people standing around something. Going to investigate, we found them gathered around an old chuck-wagon. At the back of this wagon stood two cowboys, one frying bacon and the other flipping flapjacks. Here we got a perfectly good meal free. The idea was to take one of the paper plates, which were set on a table near by, and stand in line to await our turn. When we got to the front, onto our plates were flipped two pancakes and a few strips of bacon. To top off this western hospitality we were each given a cowboy pin with the inscription, "Welcome to the Calgary Stampede."

After this wholesome meal, we decided to go back to the hotel and get cleaned up before our hosts returned for us. They arrived shortly after one o'clock, and informed us that the first item on the afternoon program was going to the exhibition grounds to view the chuck-wagon races. When we arrived at the stadium we were ushered to the Mayor's private box seats which were right down in the very front. The different heats were run off and every single one of them was exciting. The winner who was from the State of Montana was presented with the first prize: three thousand dollars. Next we viewed the bronco riding and roping. Most of the competitors in this event were American cowboys from the



Western States. It was plain to see that these boys had spent many an hour practising their different tricks and stunts.

After these exciting events were over, we were driven back to our hotel rooms, where we had a bird's eye view of the 1951 Stampede Parade. This parade was the most fascinating one that I had ever seen. It was four miles long and took two hours and fifteen minutes to pass.

Very soon after it had gone by the Mayor told us that we were going to be treated to what they called a Calgary Stampede Supper. We were driven a few miles out of Calgary to a very luxurious ranch. Here the hired men had set up tables and eating utensils. Not very far from them was a fire with a spit over it; close by this were hundreds of buffalo steaks ready to be cooked on the spit. This was really a western supper and we filled ourselves as full as possible.

Time passed very quickly, and as it grew dark, we decided that it would be wise to return to the city in order that we be on time to view the 1951 Grandstand Show. We sat in the Mayor's private seats again, and since the stage had been set up directly in front of us, we had a wonderful view of all the proceedings. This was the most thrilling grandstand show that I had ever witnessed, and from the minute it was over I knew it would long remain in my mind.

After it was finished we went back to our hotel rooms and crawled into the comfortable beds, tired, but feeling happy. As I lay in bed that cool summer night, I thought over the day's happenings. The conclusion I came to was that it was not often that a girl of my age has the privilege of viewing so many different things in one day. I also knew that I would never forget the 1951 Calgary Stampede.

MARION WELBOURN, 5C

*Fry*

### Twillingate

Between my home town and the North Pole there is nothing but thousands and thousands of miles of icy blue waters and Arctic glaciers, which look like floating mountains.

Twillingate Island consists of two large islands, which are connected by a concrete bridge at a narrow "tickle". Although the two islands are quite large, the population is quite small and scattered. There are sixteen little hamlets or villages around the seacoast, and one larger one which is called Twillingate. Each village has a name such as "Crow Head," which was named so because of the number of crows that fly around the salt water, near the cove, each year; and "Robin's Cove," "Ragged Point," "Paradise," and "Blow Me Down."

The town of Twillingate takes up a very small part of one island and a very small part, right across the harbour, of the other island. The harbour is one of the safest in Newfoundland and often when a vessel is caught in a storm it rushes full speed ahead for Twillingate Harbour.

In Twillingate there is only one main gravel road which runs right through the town. Outside the town there are other narrow, gravel roads which connect the nearby coves and harbours. The homes of the Twillingaters are built in fields on one side of the road, on the other side is the sea. As the roads are very bad, one would not expect to find many cars or trucks. But no one likes to walk a long distance in this generation, so cars and trucks have become very popular. Last year there were about eighty cars and trucks on the island.

The main public places are a small post office, telegraph and wireless office, theatre, fourteen stores, three quite well-equipped schools and six churches. One of the churches on the North Island is very large and is painted a gleaming white. It stands on a high hill overlooking the Harbour. As it is often said, if a vessel is coming into harbour, and cannot find its way to safety because of rocks or shoals, it should proceed forward, right towards the direction of the church.

The hospital at Twillingate plays a very great part in the life of Newfoundlanders on the North Coast. It is a large gray structure at the bottom of a hill and directly behind it is the New Nurses' Residence. To the people

from the islands and the bays nearby it is a great friend.

The two main industries are sealing and fishing. Each year in May the fishermen and their crews leave their hometown harbours on the fishing schooners, which have been moored all winter in the harbour. They sail for the fishing banks of Labrador. In late August or September they return with, most times, a good catch. The money these men "who go down to the sea in ships" get from the selling of their load of fish has to keep them and their families until the next spring when they will again go "to do business in great waters." The sealing fleet leaves for the North in March. To most men this sport is a challenge and a great adventure. They return in May with usually "bumper" loads of furs and hides.

This is a little about life in my home town. In many ways it is different from most people's home town. But the old saying "No Place Like Home," still holds strong.

AUDREY ASHBOURNE, VC  
*Keller*

### Sundown

The lake is smooth with only the faintest suggestion of a ripple on it. The mirrored trees wave silently back and forth with disconnected lines in the murky deep.

Tall, jagged pines, standing like sentinels in a seldom broken line along the even shores, are surmounted by peaks of misty dimensions.

A loon laughs joyously, raucously, as it paddles around the lake, appearing and disappearing at will.

Tiny golden fingers probe the long, spread branches, making the lake look dusty brown. The sun sinks slowly, glowing red, drawing after it its blanket, the night. The rim slides unnoticed over the edge of the world, and the ever-waiting night shadows all in its starry, billowing cloak.

SHEILA MCCORMICK, VB  
*Keller*

### On Leaving Elmwood

Good-bye dear school,  
The time has come to part;  
But though I wander far afield,  
I leave with you my heart.  
Happy days, and sad ones  
Spent within your fold,  
How hard it is to go away,  
And leave you to grow old.  
But I must go and seek a life  
From all that I hold dear;  
And I shall ever leave behind  
My happiest moments here.  
So with a sad and backward glance  
At scenes that are a part of me,  
I disappear from out it all;  
Good-bye dear school, so kind to me.

DIANE BOYD, VI Upper  
*Keller*

Wherever I may wander, and  
Whatever I may do,  
I'll ne'er forget the good times here—  
My youthful days with you:

The memories of past and present:  
The days that now are gone:  
The memories that can't be taken,  
For they're a prize I've won.

LESLIE ANNE JACKSON, VI Upper  
*Nightingale*

On leaving school I will be sad,  
Not only I, but all 6 Upper—  
There will be times we would be glad  
If we could down an Elmwood supper!

Years we have worn green socks and tie  
But never more shall we be seen  
—Our Motto, "Highest of the High"—  
In green serge tunics on Sparks and Queen!

I hope that you will think of us,  
As I will always think of when  
We day girls went to school by bus,  
And boarders paced in their small pen!

PATSY KNOWLTON, VI Upper  
*Keller*

### A New Boarder's First Letter Home (10 miles away)

Dear Mummy and Daddy,

My, I wish you were here! It is so lonely here without you. Really the girls here are so mean to me and they are very disagreeable. Please come and take me home soon. I don't like the meals and the beds aren't like my dear little bed at home. All the girls roar around and leave me out of everything. You should see my roommate! I hardly ever see her and she is always doing bad things like sneaking out of the room at night, and she never leaves the room tidy. Even in classes they never pay any attention to me, and it is so awful. Sometimes they even laugh at me because I do other things and not what they do . . . ! (etc., etc.—4 pages later).

Oh, I am so lonely. Please come and see me soon and write every day. Give my love to darling pussy.

Your lonely little petunia,  
Elizabeth.

### Next Week's Letter

Hi,

This is just a short quick note, 'cause I am in an awful rush. The kids are swell. We are just about to put a mouse in one of the teachers' desks! Ha, ha! Guess what we had for supper? Yum, Yum, tapioca pudding! Bye.

Liz.

P.S. Got a couple of bad marks for breaking bounds and going to the tuck! L.

SALLY WRIGHT, VC  
Fry

### Iambic Pentameter

It is the second of November, cold.  
The trees stand bare, denuded of their leaves,  
And sway like giant brooms upturned in air.  
The ground all cold and hard, awaits the snow  
Which like a never-ending blanket looks,  
And lets the earth retire in wanted rest.  
When winter slowly comes and covers earth,  
There stand the trees all cased in crystal glass.

SUE DEWOLF, VI Upper  
Keller

### The Governor-General Joins the Bloods

As we bumped along the old dirt road, in the distance we could see the flickering of hundreds of camp fires. If we leaned out of the car window, we could hear the thump of the tom-toms in the distance.

My family and I were going to see the Indian camp at Stand-Off, near Macleod, Alberta, where the next day the Governor-General would be made an honorary chief of the Blood Indians.

When we came to a turn in the road, we started straight up the hills, right toward the camp fires. Several times we passed an old Indian cart, or some young Indians riding their ponies along the roadside.

Finally we came up to the camp, and parked the car. The teepees were in a large circle, and around each of them were five or more dogs. Their howling frightened me so, I retreated to the car where I knew they would not venture. From most of the teepees came the familiar sound of the tom-tom and from where I was I could see the shapes of the dancers inside. Every once in a while, a loud shrill yell would be heard from one of the happy people.

After we had got a good look at the camp in the dark we decided we had better start back, as it was pitch black outside and it was hard to find the old dirt roads leading back to town.

Next day after dinner, we went back to the camp. The white tents outlined against the brown of the hills and blue of the sky made a lovely picture as we started once more into the hills.

We arrived early and had plenty of time to look around. Several of the larger teepees were painted with designs. If you gave the Indians a cigarette or some money, they would tell you what the designs meant. All of these teepees were made of skins, and were very skilfully painted.

In the middle of the camp was a platform and at each corner was a Union Jack, and a Mountie standing underneath in his scarlet uniform.



At two o'clock, mounted outriders, clothed in full regalia, rode out to meet His Excellency and party.

The Governor-General escorted by several Mounted Policemen and Head Chiefs, went into the Chief Shot-on-Both Sides' teepee to be introduced to the Honorary Chiefs. They then came up on the platform, and seated themselves in a semi-circle.

A fat old Indian performed the initiation; there were several speeches, both in Indian and English, then a beautiful head-dress was placed on the Governor's head. After that we all had to stand and put one hand on the shoulder of our neighbour, and the initiation was over. The name given to His Excellency was Chief Eagle Face.

Then came an exciting part, for me anyway, since my Dad is an honorary chief also. A crowd of old Indian women were brought up onto the platform, and a dance started with the Governor-General and Mrs. Shot-on-Both Sides leading, then Commissioner Wood of the R.C.M.P. and other Honorary Chiefs that I don't know.

When the dancing was over the whole party went into Mrs. Shot-on-Both Sides' teepee for refreshments. They had pemmican, cake, tea and berries.

While they were inside, the Indian dancers got to work. Some of them were dressed in nicer costumes than the others, but all were very beautiful; white buckskin jackets and trousers, with fringing and bead work of the very best. Their head-dresses were of eagle feathers, and some were trimmed with a band of bright coloured fluff. The women were dressed in lovely costumes too; beautiful silks, and again handsome bead-work and coloured porcupine quill-work.

These Indians are mostly proud men, some of them with the Queen's medals that were handed down from their ancestors, when their country was taken over by the white people.

When the Governor-General came out again, he stayed and watched the dancers for awhile, and then he departed. The beat of the tom-toms grew louder as he started to leave,

and the Indians lined up to say a last farewell to him. I am sure as long as he lives he will remember that day.

As we left, behind the Governor-General's car, I turned around, and in front of the camp stood the Indian chiefs, their head-dresses blowing softly in the breeze and the tom-toms getting softer and softer as we went on our way.

FRANCES WOOD, VC  
*Nightingale*

### On Writing Essays

I am looking forward, at this point, to a long struggle with essays upon essays dealing with subjects of varying unimportance; I am also looking backwards at half of my loose-leaf book, covered with incoherent thoughts and rules for a good essay.

What is an informal essay? Aside from being an instrument of torture, it is a rather unimpressive, pointless way of relieving one's mind of all it contains on a totally impractical subject, such as "On Having Friendly Neighbours," wherein one either renounces them for bad qualities, or embraces them for good ones.

An informal essay is a thesis with suitable elaborations. In it you explain your opinions and the reason for them. Oh! but it is not that easy. Hitting the nail on the head in one down-to-earth attempt is not in the rules. One gives small, ineffectual taps with smart digs and sly phrases, hedging gently, and suggesting hidden meanings until both oneself and the nail are "all in." The book describes this as proceeding in the form of a circle ending up at the start.

Now where is the point in that? Having exhausted the subject (and myself) as best I can and having completed a rather wobbly circuit, I shall stop. (This treatise, to be an essay must not be an argument, therefore it merely suggests a rather biased opinion.)

SHEILA McCORMICK, VB  
*Keller*

### Waiting

The fire crackled cheerily as I brought the little table and cards into the front library, and set them down beside my grandmother. Then she spoke, and, as she did, all the cosy cheerfulness and warm companionship vanished as if frightened by her words.

"Sam! I said distinctly that I wanted the chess board and not those cards! Take them back right away and do as I say! My temper and patience can hold out for only so long, and then you will suffer."

I picked up the table, and without a word carried it out of the room and set it down beside an open closet. Pulling my handkerchief out of my hip pocket, I carefully wiped my forehead. How long can a decent man keep up this sort of thing? *Get my glasses, hurry and answer the doorbell, why didn't you bring me my medicine, you know well enough I'm a very sick person and need it badly!* Imagine, me, Sam Wood, New York's biggest criminal, although the police could never prove it, playing nursemaid to an old, crabby relative, and all for a measly hundred thousand grand!

"Sam! Where are you? Come here immediately! Sam, do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you, Grandmother. I'm coming." Hastily grabbing the chess board, and nearly tripping over a cane that lay in the shadows, I hurried into the library.

My grandmother sat in the big easy chair close to the fire, and even though she was sufficiently warm and comfortable, she had a black, crocheted shawl pulled close around her, and several of the biggest and softest pillows tucked in at the corners. As I entered the room she gave me her worst scowl and burst forth with: "Sam Wood! Never again will you go away and leave me for such a long time. Something might have happened, I could have had a stroke, for my heart isn't as strong as it used to be, and I am not paying you money so you can fool around and day-dream. Next time you do that sort of thing the whole business goes out the window!"

I bit my lip, and with a great effort held

my temper, though that hundred thousand was slowly, but surely, growing smaller.

"Yes, Grandmother, I was just getting your chess board. Where would you like it put?"

That was all it was, *where would you like this? Can I get you anything?* and getting for all my trouble nothing but nasty remarks and more requests. And this had been going on for one month now!

I quickly did as she told me, and then casually suggested that it was 10.30 and wasn't that her bed time? Getting only the usual answer, that if it was, it was none of my business, I resignedly settled myself in a chair and looked forward to about two to three hours of that wonderful game, chess. My grandmother was a poor player and she knew it, but she took pleasure in making me suffer all the same.

Oh, well, in another three weeks she'll die and I'll claim that money as sole heir plus the thousand dollars she's paying me for looking after her. The doctors are sure her heart will give out in several weeks and she'll die, no sympathy from me! But then, three weeks is an awfully long time, especially when you wish they would fly.

Oh, well, she'll die soon and all that money

.....

SUSAN HARRIS, IVA, *Fry*

### The Grim Sonnet

(*Apologies to Shakespeare*)

When in disgrace with teachers and girls' eyes,  
I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf seniors with useless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;  
Wishing me like to one more rich in freedom,  
Featured like her, like her with friends possess,  
Desiring this girl's stripe and that girl's brain,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
But in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think of holidays—and then my state  
Is like to hardy boarder at break of day arising  
From sunken bed, to walk past Mrs. Graham's  
gate!

For then I remember my life's best features,  
And scorn, indeed, to change my state with  
teachers!

JANET CHAPMAN, VB, *Fry*



### Sunset on the Sea

A dark, narrow, rather dingy road lay before me. I walked disconsolately down it in the oncoming twilight, observing absent-mindedly the shabby houses with an occasional grubby looking child or barking dog playing in the overgrown gardens.

After much waiting I managed to catch a bus filled with smoking travellers; after alighting from the filthy vehicle, I made my way down the sidewalk, marvelling at the white stone wall that towered above me and seemed to wind forever down the road. The salt, sea air was already piercing my nostrils as I walked hurriedly down the lane, listening to the screeching gulls, and the lonely tap of my heels on the white stone sidewalk.

It was about 8.30 o'clock when I reached my destination. This was a small white-washed cottage overlooking the sea, and it was then, acting upon the advice of my friend, as I strolled casually into the twilight air that I was struck by an awe-inspiring sight.

My eyes were fixed on the sun which at its full glory was casting a golden path on a vast expanse of shimmering ocean. The dark horizon line, silhouetted against the sun, was occasionally broken by a white sail or prow of a large vessel nosing its way silently into harbour, and making the sun look lurid through its smoke. The sky, a dusty pink, was flecked with fluffy clouds tinted with orange by the sun's reflection.

Nearby, a fisherman's cottage stood, badly in need of repair, with the bushy-whiskered old man sitting on the sloping lawn taking last glimpses of the departing sun between puffs of his pipe. Trees standing sedately over his battered cabin swayed gently in the breeze, their branches caught in the brilliant red ball which hovered above the dark hills like a hawk seeking its prey.

Here was a scene unbelievable to anyone who had not yet seen it with his own eyes. An artist might come, sweep the paper with reds, pinks and oranges, yet who would believe him? Only one who had watched the fiery ball fade beneath the distant hills.

On my left a lazy harbour was in view, with a tall lighthouse silently keeping its vigil over the ruddy sea. Ships of all sizes and shapes lulled gently in the sparkling waters, waves lapping softly at their sides. At my feet there was the rise and fall of the never-spent waves, departing sunlight occasionally catching the foamy crests, as they moistened the rugged rocks, making them appear phosphorescent. White sea horses leapt and neighed in a brilliant sea.

At my right lay a white, rugged cliff bathed in the evening glow. At the foot of this precipice were a group of jagged boulders, with the sea lashing against them, and sending a glistening curtain of salt spray flying onto the chalk cliff.

Now the sun had melted into the underworld, leaving a shining halo over the line of hills. I turned reluctantly, and left the once glorious scene.

CAROL THUERON, VC  
*Keller*

### An Interesting Place to Visit

A newcomer to Manhattan Island, New York, would be bewildered at the first glance of Grand Central Station: thousands of people of different races walking in different directions, with suitcases and parcels tucked under each arm; embracing relations or lovers with their joyous hellos or sad good-byes; Negro Red Caps bustling piles of trunks up and down the floor; the announcer telling of in- and out-trains, their times, and places of destination.

Outside the salty air is muggy. The noise of car horns is almost deafening; all seem to be honking at once. The yellow, orange, green and red taxi cabs touring the streets waiting to be hailed have the trick of driving all over town before taking the tourist passenger to his destination, just to make the meter charge more. New York traffic moves quickly; it is almost suicide to step off the curb on a red light.

At various corners there are doorways with steps leading downward: below is the subway. For ten cents one can be hustled along

in the milling crowd, jammed in a car very similar to a train, and raced all over town under the streets. In this "tube", as it is called in England, they sell orchids for two dollars and gardenias for fifty cents.

A walk down Broadway at night is a very fascinating experience. Every shop, theatre and building as far as the eye can see is covered with brightly coloured lights to lure buyers. It seems as though each shop is trying to outdo the other with originality in advertisements. The shops carry a great variety of inexpensive, stylish clothing which would intrigue any shopper. Anyone visiting New York needs a good pair of brogues because walking seems to be the most frequent means of travel. No matter what time of day or night it is, Broadway is a seething mass of people.

The nicest way to leave Manhattan would be to sail out of the harbour and look back on the skyscrapers reflected against the sky; and remember the friendly, fast-living people in their world of mystery.

JANET LAWSON, VI Matric  
*Fry*

### **Pakistan**

Pakistan to us is like the land of Promise. It was founded by Guaid-a-azam Mohammed Ali Finnah in August 1947.

Pakistan is in two sections which are separated by the Dominion of India. West Pakistan has four provinces: Sinda, Baluchistan, North West Frontier Province, commonly known as the N.W.F.P., and Punjab. Sinda has very sandy soil, and the weather is hot and dry. Karachi, the capital of Pakistan, lies in Sinda. Baluchistan could be called the California of Pakistan because we get most of our fruit from there. It is very hilly and has a very healthy climate. The N.W.F.P. is also very hilly but not so green. The people are like the Scotch, rough and ready, and very hospitable. The Punjab is the land of the Five Rivers and is most fertile; the historic Lahore is its chief city. East Pakistan is quite different from West Pakistan. It has a very rainy

climate; and rice and jute, or the Golden Fibre at Pakistan, grow there.

The majority of the people of Pakistan are Muslims. They are very proud of their traditions and culture, but are actually keen to forge ahead with the modern world. The chief cities are very modern, and like any other city in the world. Factories are being built and more and more schools are being opened. Pakistan's airport is the biggest in Asia.

Since their country is a Dominion like Canada, Pakistan people have a great fondness for the Royal Family and take a keen interest in other Dominions; and are very pleased to have Canadians in their country to help them become better friends.

NAZ IKRAMULLAH, VC  
*Fry*

### **Heat**

A row of sunbaked huts, bleached almost white in the sultry August sun, squat under the protecting shoulder of a friendly hill. To one side of the huts lies a pond springing from a waterfall far up in the hills. To the right of this pool and forming one of its banks is a flat slab of rock stretching for a hundred feet.

Here crouches a small girl dressed only in a pair of shorts engaged in beating some clothes with a thick wooden pestle. She stops, rises, and running to the nearest hut, disappears into its dim recesses.

The village is silent while from neighbouring fields rises the drowsy hum of the cricket.

A haze spreads over the sun, and the humidity rises imperceptibly while the pool shrinks from its banks in disdain. Slowly the haze grows thicker and the temperature rises; clouds form and a light wind worries them into a huddle. The bright glare of the sun is shadowed, and still the temperature rises. Suddenly with divers mutterings the clouds break, and cooling water bathes the sizzling land.

SHEILA MCCORMICK, VB  
*Keller*



### Story Told by a Scarecrow

Now gather round me children and I'll tell you a story about me, *replied the old scarecrow to the little scarcrets who encircled him in their demands for a story.*

Well, *he began, his eyes taking on a far-away look*, it was about sixty years ago I was made by a genteel farmer whose name was Softis. For weeks I was in a terrible state; yes, my creator, being a forgetful man, neglected to give me any ears, proper eyes or even a nose!

Soon, though, Mr. Softis' friend and his son Hiram came to pay a visit. Presently the child got bored and, after wandering around, came upon a can of paint in the shed and decided to use it on me. Then after about twenty minutes of painting I found myself quite presentable, in fact extremely smart, for Hiram had rearranged my clothes and plumped up my stuffing. Once again he meandered off but soon returned to chat with me; of course he had no idea that I could talk and nearly started out of his wits when he heard me utter a friendly "Hello." Soon however he returned a surprised "Oh . . . hi! d'you talk? "Humph," I answered, "shows what you know of scarecrows. I'm exactly like a human being; just look different that's all! But please get me off my peg—I'm extremely uncomfortable!" With this Hiram dragged me off my post, and stood me up. At the same time he put my arm around him, and soon I was able to get around quite well.

After looking around the farm with Hiram, I decided to seek my fortune in the world, so I went out the gate and down the road. I had not got far when I saw a little bird up in a tree sobbing behind its wing. I felt so sorry for him and asked what the matter was. He replied in a sad voice, "My muvver's dead and I'm all alone, I'm so cold." "Well," I replied in a comforting tone, "come with me; I'm going out in the world and I need a companion. You can go inside my jacket, it's warm there!" So Cheery (the bird) hopped down inside.

It was night and I lay down while Cheery looked for food after which we slept for a time. . . . In the morning we walked some more, and later came upon a lady scarecrow sitting under a tree, so we asked if she cared to come along to which she replied, "Yes," and so we walked and talked.

Several days later we came upon a town, passed through, and found on the other side a large, deserted field with a barn upon it. We looked around and found we would like to settle down in it. I knew I loved Anna (as the lady scarcerow was called) so I asked her if she'd marry me and settle down and have lots of children and so, my cute little things, here you are . . . !

*Abruptly the look vanished from his face as he said*, "There now! Past your tea time—run, now, up to the barn . . . ."

VICKY BRAIN, IVA  
Nightingale

### My Home Town

Where Lake Maelar flows into the sea lies Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, and there it has been situated since the 14th century. It is a really beautiful town thanks to the water and the intimate connection between the wonderful nature of the Maelar Valley and the city.

The word Stockholm means an island surrounded by logs. The city of the 15th century just consisted of a little island in the middle of the channel, which joins the lake and the sea. In order to be protected from the ships of enemies they built logs in the water in the form of a circle and so narrow that a ship could not come through. The builder of the capital, Birger Yarl, therefore gave it this name. On this island you can still see what Stockholm looked like when it was new. Upon a hill in the centre of the "City between the Bridges" lies the large market place with the public well in the middle and an old church and workshops around. Down the slopes, going from the market, once in the 15th century the blood ran from the swords of the Danish King Christian the Tyrant. Here the

first Junta in Sweden fought its hard way. Every year in modern times the old buildings have seen the new generations enjoy themselves at a Christmas Fair. In this part of Stockholm you can walk around for hours to find new interesting things. Great churches, beautiful buildings, narrow alleys, pretty cottages and many other things are memorials of the old town. But this old part is not a fraction of the present town.

Before the 19th century, wars and strife had given Stockholm no opportunity to expand but when time of peace came, it moved over to the neighbouring islands and the mainland to the north and south. Bridges and tunnels were built to make the communications easier between these islands. Many public as well as private buildings were constructed by modern architects. A modern town grew up with great churches and beautiful buildings but no narrow alleys and no small cottages. Now the number of inhabitants is nearing one million, but Stockholm is still just a very little city compared with Paris, London or New York.

Among the buildings in Stockholm, the Royal Palace is naturally the most famous. The rather simple Roman façades are a fascinating picture. It was built in the late 19th century and gives an example of modern architecture in old style. Close to the Palace lies the harbour where small fishing boats lie in the strong stream. Another example of beautiful buildings in the city is the town hall situated on the shore. Typical of this red building are the three crowns on the top of the tower and the bell-ringing at noon every day. This is for a Stockholmer almost the same as Big Ben is for a Londoner. Among the churches, the Great Church which is the Town Church, and the Riddarholm Church, since the 17th century the last resting place of the Swedish Kings, are the most remarkable.

Stockholm is rich in museums. The most lovely of them is Skansen, an open-air museum containing a collection of ancient farm houses, town buildings, an 18th century church, a 17th century manor house, a zoological garden

of Scandinavian animals, etc. Situated on a hill, it permits an excellent view over all the town from there. National Museum, Nordic Museum, Museum of Nautical History and many others show the Swedish development through the centuries.

The surroundings of Stockholm offer various views of idyllic medieval towns, old castles, wooded islands, bathing and seaside resorts and many other attractions. The natural beauty of the Maelar Valley and the archipelago is worth seeing. Sweden has a right to be proud of its choice of capital: "The Queen of the Lakes and the Forests" is charming.

ANNIKA BÖÖK, VA  
*Nightingale*

### 8.45 A.M.

Lacks two seconds of the quarter;  
Di comes rushing down the stairway—  
Where's that bell? Who took and hid it?  
Never mind, it must be somewhere . . .  
Bells are better if they're later,  
No one minds the extra minutes,  
Gives the lazy ones a breather—  
Rush, rush, rush, the late marks flying—  
Hallelujah! Here's the small one!  
Clink, clink, clink! Oh, this one's broken!  
Yell blue murder for the lost one—  
Yipes—we're saved, it's found in office,  
Acting doorstep, guarding Penny.

DIANA FRASER, VI Upper  
*Fry*

### Love

Love's strange magic works beneath the  
surface:  
None can guess how its unseen rays  
Go out to comfort and to bless.  
Love will endure, and love can be  
Glorified through agony;  
Love survives and will remain,  
Even as the trees grow old,  
And flowers die in Autumn's icy breath;  
Love remains and walks with us,  
Beyond the gates of death.

JANET CHAPMAN, VB  
*Fry*



## Peace

Peace: that five letter word means so much and reaches all of us down deep; such a small word with a tremendous meaning.

Man has been fighting, dying, praying and living for peace since the world began. Peace is very important, otherwise people would not have bothered to sacrifice for it. It is important to keep peace for the generations to follow, as the others have tried to secure it for us.

Many men in the first and second world wars lost their lives in trying to secure what that little word represents. Now in Korea we are fighting again; fighting against something that wants the whole world in its grasp; something which is not satisfied with what it has.

There are times when we think to ourselves, how will we ever reach our goal of peace when trouble is starting in every country, in every corner of the earth.

The great men of many countries are meeting at the United Nations trying to iron out the differences in Egypt, Korea, Iran and all the other trouble spots in the world. It is not just the important people but the average people who also are working hard on this peace project. The peace cannot be won by one or two or even a dozen people. It takes the co-operation of everyone in the world.

Have you ever stopped to think how you are helping in this fight for peace? Did you ever think that our generation may be great leaders in our day? They may become great diplomats. They may help iron out some differences that might have started another war. They may be stimulators of peace.

There cannot be one country dictating. There cannot be one selfish country. We have to learn to live as one happy family; to give and to take; to help each other and to try to understand the other person's problems. We must learn to live the life God has intended us to live; to love our neighbour.

The United Nations was formed to help the small countries. The fighting going on in Korea is not because Korea is such a vital country but because it is the principle of the

big man trying to take from the little man. We have to help the little country.

If you read your history you will remember that for centuries people have been fighting for peace in their own country and now that there is faster travel we have to fight for peace in the whole world.

There is another kind of peace. This peace is our peace of mind. It is obtained in many different ways but the most important and common way is by going to church. Have you ever noticed that when you walk into church you feel as if you have the whole world's burdens on your shoulders. When you walk out you feel that those burdens have been lifted by just being near God in thought and prayer. After these burdens have been lifted you feel as though you could face anything and your outlook on life is inspiring to anyone near you.

Think of peace as something for all to work for and not just the other fellow. Hold peace as a high ideal for all to work for. Hold peace the goal for every human on the earth.

JUDY EWING, VC *Nightingale*

## What Does "X" Mean to You?

One of your first memories of "X" is probably a big red letter on a wooden block you played with at age three. Well, to a child that is likely all "X" stands for. By the time you were old enough to go to school you probably discovered that "X" was a letter in the alphabet. Perhaps you are in Grade Three or Four and have just learned that when you see "X" you must multiply. Maybe you are just entering high school and are learning Algebra; then "X" to you stands for "an unknown quantity." Let us suppose you have finished school and are enjoying (?) your first year college; "X", more than likely is the number of the room in which you live. You may be a hard-working business man who has had a very trying day at the office. You are probably settling down in your arm-chair by the cozy fire to read *The Case of Mr. X*.

"X" can mean many things to different people. What does "X" mean to you?

JO-ANNE DAVIS, VA *Nightingale*

## *Junior Literary Section*

### Form I

The formal garden of daffodils and tulips is very lovely. But I think you will agree with me, that, if you tip-toe around to the back of Elmwood, you there will find the most enchanting little cluster of wild flowers.

The fair little buttercups with sunny smiles are Wendy Cromar, Georgia Gale and Rita Browning. Gaily mixed among them are the dark-eyed Susans, Gill Castonguay, Sheila MacTavish, Margot Toller and Marjorie Feller. And if you are very quiet you will probably see a little blue-eyed butterfly, in the form of Sarah Garvock, flitting from flower to flower.

### Forms II and III

The black squirrel ran up the fire-escape and looked in the window. "Ch-ch-ch—" he said to himself, "there they are sitting at their desks and working so hard. Judy and Helena would be so surprised if they knew that I have been watching them running a race through the arithmetic book. I wonder which one will win? There's Jane looking at me, but I know she doesn't really see me. She is thinking about a funny story that she is going to write. Heather and Busy are looking at the map of Canada. They like to find the lakes with queer names. Who is that in the front row? Ch-ch-ch! That's Freddie busily drawing a picture of a squirrel in her nature notebook. I wonder if I could draw a picture of a little girl? and there's Laragh working away at her sums and arranging them very neatly too. Who else is there? Oh, I see Susan, reading and reading. I wish she would come to my

house one day and read to my children. I must send her an invitation to tea. Well, well, right here close to the window is Anne. Hello Anne! Ch-ch-ch, she doesn't hear me. She is too busy. I wonder what she's doing? Oh, I see. She is colouring a picture in her Social Studies book and doing it very nicely, too. Oh, dear, it's time for lunch and I must run. I wonder if they have classes for squirrels at Elmwood?"

### Lower IVB and IVC

First I should like to introduce our form mistresses, Mrs. Stephen and Mrs. English, who have together given us a very happy year.

I am going to tell you about the girls by rows as they sit in the class-room. First row: Christina Wijkman who comes from Sweden; Judy Harris, who is always wanting to go back to the States; and Liliás Ahearn who is quite an athlete. Second row: Bonnie Wood, who wants to be a cow-girl; Lynn Castonguay, who is good at gym; and Jana Stepan who comes from Czechoslovakia. Next row: Louise Hayley, who was *Charlie the Comet* in our play and did it very well; Lauretta Landymore, who has sums running around in her head all the time; Efi Malamaki from Greece, who is learning English very fast; our Vice-Form Captain, Seddon Ryan; and two quiet girls, Mary Findlay and Christine Ashbourne. Last row: our very own chatter-box, Madge Macbeth; our desk-checking girl, Josephine Millar; last but not least, our Wendy Blackburn, and the Form Captain, Jean Garvock.

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### Three Kittens

I have three kittens—  
They're all so gay;  
One is white,  
One is black,  
And one is nearly gray.

HEATHER HAYLEY, Form III

### The Ranger

Out on the prairie all green and bare  
There rides a ranger, so strong and fair!  
He rides o'er the prairie,  
O'er hill and dale,  
And he never gets tired,  
For he likes it well.

BONNIE WOOD, Lower IVB





By SEDDON RYAN



By JUDY HARRIS





*Children of the Sun*—INTERMEDIATE PLAY



DOLL FESTIVAL



JUNIOR EASTER PLAY

### Our Golden Rule Club

On September 25 we began our club, and we decided to help the "Save the Children Fund." Later in the meeting, the members, which are all the girls up to Lower IVB, decided to bring one penny a week. We have been having our meetings every Wednesday. Our first president was Judy Kleinhans but unfortunately she has been moved up a grade. The secretary at present is Helena Wijkman, the treasurer is Judy Toller. We also have a programme committee: Wendy Blackburn, Jane MacTavish and Sheila MacTavish. In one of our meetings we saw some lovely slides that Miss Shand had made when she was in Japan. A little time after we decided to have a doll show. Then we had great hustle for about two weeks with learning speeches until the great day came! The dolls were all set on the tables and all placed in different countries and ages, and so on. At the start of the festival we all got on the stage and Lauretta Landymore introduced all the members that had quite important jobs. At the end of our doll festival we found the club had collected sixty-seven dollars, and we were very happy that we could support a little girl or boy in Europe for a year.

LYNN CASTONGUAY, Lower IVB

### The Doll Festival

On March 11, the members of the Golden Rule Club put on a doll festival. Now, of course, we worked very hard for we had only five weeks.

We made paper flowers for the big branches we gathered and we got coloured blankets for the tables. We brought all the dolls we could for we wanted as many dolls as possible.

We had nearly three hundred dolls there. There were on these tables: baby dolls, little dolls, little girl dolls, dolls made out of different things, dolls belonging to the staff, dolls of different nations, dolls belonging to the governors, and last of all, mechanical dolls.

We charged twenty-five cents to adults and ten cents to little children. There was a doll dance also with six children in it.

MADGE MACBETH, IVC

### A Fairy Tale About a Frog

Once upon a time there lived a frog named Ballyhi. He lived in a pond near a forest called Drumstick. On the other side of the forest there was a castle. A beautiful princess named Lee-Anora lived there.

The frog loved Lee-Anora. Of course he could not marry her, because he was a frog.

One day when Ballyhi was sunning himself on a lily pad, he saw an old lady trying to cross the pond by the stones. Ballyhi knew that one of the stones was slippery. He warned the lady not to go over it.

For his kindness the lady who turned out to be a fairy said that he could have anything that he wanted. Ballyhi was overjoyed because he wanted to be a prince. He said, "I want to be a prince." In an instant he was turned into a prince. The fairy said, "You are now Prince Ballyhi," and she vanished. The prince ran over to the pond to look at his reflection in the water. All of a sudden he heard a rumbling sound. It was one of the Princess's coaches.

When Prince Ballyhi reached the palace he was presented to the Princess. They both fell in love. The next day they were married in the palace, and lived happily ever after.

JEAN GARVOCK, Lower IVB

### Falls

When I go skiing  
I hit a bump and fall,  
When I go skating  
I sit down and that's all!

LAURETTA LANDYMORE, Lower IVB

### The Dog That Went and Never Came Back

It was one afternoon I was not at all happy. It was two weeks since I had not seen my dog Tim. We sent men out looking for him.

It was just then I heard that two other dogs had been poisoned, but I was sure Tim was not. Again two more weeks passed till finally Mother gave ten dollars to the person who found our dog.

Someone did find him by a river. He had been poisoned.

SEDDON RYAN, IVC

### The Fawn

Over the meadow,  
 Into the green,  
 Leaped a deer  
 That could be seen.  
 His coat was dapple brown  
 And his eyes were soft and round.  
 All morn he leapt,  
 All night he slept,  
 And in the rest of the day  
 He jumped and played.  
 Then one day a hunter came,  
 With his gun and his cane;  
 And shot the deer right down to the ground,  
 And there he lay, all safe and sound,  
 No more to leap, no more to bound.

LAURETTA LANDYMORE

JEAN GARVOCK, Lower IVB

### Ten Rules (Sic)

1. Never tell liys!
2. Never! Never! make bets.
3. Always say your Prays.
4. Oner your Father and Mother.
5. Always be good! never be bad!
6. Never say BAD words.
7. Always be good FRENDS with EVERY-one.
8. Always look LEFT! or RIGHT! befor you cross the road.
9. NEVER! NEVER play with matches.
10. ONER THE LORD THEY GOD!!!
11. Be a good GIRL and EVERY ONE WILL LOVE YOU!

FREDDIE WINTROB, Form III

### The Pond

Oh pond, pond, pond, pond,  
 You have a lovely blue coat;  
 And on you boats do float.  
 With lily-pads where frogs do  
 Sit and croak! croak! croak!  
 And over you a bridge doth go,  
 With a willow tree over-head;  
 Oh, pond, little pond, lovely pond.

JOSEPHINE MILLAR, IVC

### The Excited Penny

Once there was a penny who was over a hundred years old. He lived in an old wooden box with lots of old dimes but he was the only penny. One day the little girl that owned him picked him up. He was so very excited that he fell out of her hand, rolled down the street, and fell into a ditch.

After a day or two the penny wanted to go back to the old wooden box, but he could not get there. Then one day a boy picked up the penny. Was he glad! This time the penny was put in a velvet box with a lot of pennies and he lived happily ever after.

LOUISE HAYLEY, IVC

### The Rich Little Girl

There was a rich little girl  
 Her gowns were made of pearl,  
 She wore golden gowns at night,  
 It made you blind at the sight;  
 Her shoes were all made of gold,  
 Which made her look very bold;  
 When she was hungry and wanted to eat  
 She bought the whole store, not only the meat!  
 She always got a tummy ache—  
 It served her right, with all that cake!!

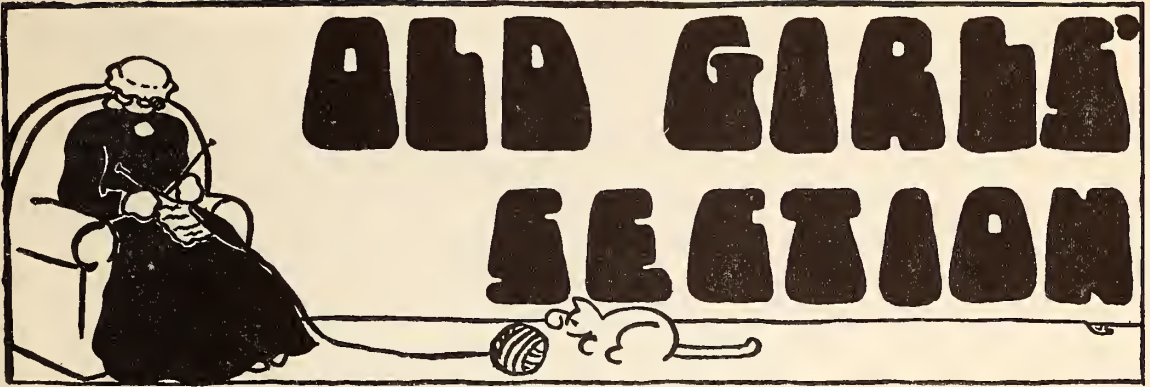
LILIAS AHEARN, Lower IVB

### A Beautiful Light

It was a dark, dark night,  
 And all the stars were shining very, very bright;  
 I was in the meadow  
 Watching the moon which was turning very  
 yellow;  
 Oh, it was a beautiful sight  
 On that dark, dark night!

LAURETTA LANDYMORE, Lower IVB





### *Engagements:*

Nancy Zimmerman to John Digby  
Margaret Bronson to Sam Toy

### *Marriages:*

Janet Edwards to Wallace White—  
October, 1951  
Nancy Fordham to Fredrick MacLaren—  
November, 1951  
Peggy Edwards to John Bogey—  
April, 1952  
Clair Perley-Robertson to John McCordick—  
May, 1952

### *Births:*

Lieut. and Mrs. William Howe (Sue Kenny)  
a son—June, 1951.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. R. Lawrence (Lois David-  
son) a daughter—July, 1951.  
Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hutchison (Jeannie Bry-  
son) a son—August, 1951.  
Mr. and Mrs. Hartland Price (Annabelle  
Godfrey) twins, boy and girl—September,  
1951.  
Squadron Leader and Mrs. James Davies  
(Norma Wilson) a daughter—October,  
1951.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dunne (Barbara Hopkirk)  
a son—December, 1951.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard White (June White)  
a daughter—January, 1952.

Lieut. Commander and Mrs. V. J. Wilgress  
(Jane Edwards) a daughter—February,  
1952.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacTavish (Janet  
Southam) a son—March, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hertz (Mackie Edwards)  
a daughter—April, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Kester (Mary Patterson)  
a daughter—April, 1952.

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. A. Davies (Barbara Ross)  
a son—April, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Scott (Audrey Gil-  
mour) a daughter—May, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Lang (Sheila Hughes) a  
daughter—May, 1952.

### *Other Activities:*

Margot Peters and Diana Gill are in Europe  
with External Affairs—Di in Paris and  
Margot in Geneva.

Anne Powell has been accepted to study at  
the Columbia Library School.

Julia MacBrien Murphy won the Bessborough  
Trophy (the highest Canadian amateur

drama award) with her play *The Enchanted*, and she herself won the award for the best director.

Ruth Seeley Robinson is the latest addition to the Elmwood Board of Governors.

Elmwood now has a Mothers' Guild which includes in its ranks ten old girls. President is Mrs. Rachel Garvock (Rachel White) who

has three daughters now at the school! Telephone convener is Mrs. Manson Campbell (Cynthia Hill).

On the Monday after the closing last June, the Old Girls held a gala dinner at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club as a farewell for Mrs. Buck. We gave her a lovely diamond pin—a token of our thanks for her years of patience with us!

## Exchanges

*Arta Ridleana*—

Ridley College, St. Catharines

*The Ashburian*—

Ashbury College, Ottawa

*Balmoral Hall Magazine*—

Winnipeg

*The Beaver Log*—

Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School,  
Montreal

*Bishop's College School Magazine*—

Bishop's College School, Lennoxville

*Bishop Strachan School Magazine*—

Bishop Strachan School, Toronto

*The Blue and White*—

Rothsay Collegiate School, Rothsay,  
N.B.

*The Branksome Slogan*—

Branksome Hall, Toronto

*Buckingham Country Day School Magazine*—

Cambridge, Mass.

*Edgehill Review*—

Edgehill, Windsor, N.S.

*Hatfield Hall Magazine*—

Hatfield Hall, Cobourg

*Inter Muros*—

St. Clement's School, Toronto

*King's Hall Magazine*—

King's Hall, Compton

*Lower Canada College Magazine*—

Lower Canada College, Montreal

*Ludemus*—

Havergal College, Toronto

*The Notre Dame*—

Notre Dame Convent, Kingston

*Olla Podrida*—

Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, N.S.

*Ovenden Chronicle*—

Ovenden School, Barrie

*Pibroch*—

Strathallan School, Hamilton

*The Record*—

Trinity College School, Port Hope

*St. Andrew's College Review*—

St. Andrew's College, Aurora

*The Study Chronicle*—

The Study, Montreal

*The Tallow Dip*—

Netherwood, Rothsay, N.B.

*Trafalgar Echoes*—

Trafalgar, Montreal

*Trinity University Review*—

University of Toronto, Toronto

**SCHOOL CALENDAR 1951-52****TERM I**

- September 13**—School reopened.  
**October 11**—School welcomed the Royal Couple.  
**October 22**—Mrs. McKee spoke on the Red Feather campaign.  
**October 26**—House Dance.  
**October 29**—Mrs. Humphries showed pictures on British Columbia.  
**October 30**—Intermediate Basketball team defeated Rockcliffe Public.  
**October 31**—Hallowe'en Parties.  
**November 6**—Mr. McKee talked to us about Poppy Day.  
**November 6**—Senior Basketball team defeated Nepean High.  
**November 8**—Parents' Tea.  
**November 9**—Remembrance Day Service.  
**November 16**—Mrs. Tanner spoke on Save the Children Fund.  
**November 17**—Hatfield Hall defeated Elmwood at basketball.  
**November 17**—Ashbury House Dance.  
**December 6**—House Collections, House Plays, Christmas Party.  
**December 10**—Examinations began.  
**December 18**—Senior play: *Christmas in the Market-Place*.  
**December 19**—Carol Service; school closed for holidays.

**TERM II**

- January 11**—School reopened.  
**January 12**—Skiing at Mountain Lodge.  
**January 31**—Free Day; Staff-Boarders basketball game.  
**February 2**—Basketball teams played at Buckingham.  
**February 8**—Senior Basketball team defeated Carleton College.  
**February 14**—Special service in memory of the late King.  
**March 2**—Elmwood and Ashbury prefects met to discuss "formal".  
**March 5**—Mrs. Graham spoke on Radio Station C.K.O.Y.  
**March 11**—Doll Festival.  
**March 16**—Y.W.C.A. defeated senior basketball team.  
**March 17**—Dr. Bullard spoke to us.  
**March 21**—Ashbury-Elmwood Play: *Nothing but the Truth*.  
**March 27**—Senior matriculation exams began.  
**March 30**—"Sugaring off" in the Gatineau.  
**April 3**—School closed for Easter holidays.  
**April 17**—School reopened.  
**April 18**—Elmwood-Ashbury "Formal" at Elmwood.  
**April 22**—School went to Rockcliffe Public to see Queen Juliana.  
**April 24**—Mrs. Wilson talked to us about the Red Cross.  
**May 1**—5A and 5B in championship debate.  
**May 2**—Junior plays and choir; parents for tea.  
**May 8**—Major Ellis of the Salvation Army talked to us.  
**May 15**—Public Speaking contest.  
**May 16**—Square Dance.  
**May 23**—Ballet Recital.  
**June 9**—Sports Day.  
**June 10**—School closed for summer holidays.  
**June 11**—Senior Matriculation Examinations began.



**BOARDERS' CALENDAR**

- September 12—Boarders returned.  
September 13—School reopened.  
September 15—Boarders went to Lac Philipe for a picnic.  
October 4—Travelogue at the Technical School.  
October 5-8—Thanksgiving week-end.  
October 17—Boarders' Treat.  
October 19—*You Never Can Tell* at the C.R.T.  
October 25—Harlem Globe Trotters.  
October 26—Elmwood House Dance.  
October 31—Hallowe'en Party.  
November 1—*A Doll's House* at the C.R.T.  
November 1—Tremblay Concert.  
November 4—Boarders' Treat.  
November 9-12—Long week-end.  
November 15—Ottawa Philharmonic with Benny Goodman.  
November 17—Ashbury House Dance.  
November 29—Travelogue on Guatemala.  
December 13—Ottawa Philharmonic.  
December 15—Junior Boarders went to Children's Concert.  
December 16—Christmas Dinner; and Carols at Mrs. Graham's.  
December 18—Boarders' Christmas Party.  
December 19—Christmas Holidays began.  
January 10—Boarders returned.  
January 12—Skiing at Mountain Lodge.  
January 15—Morning Music Club Concert.  
January 19—Junior Boarders went to Children's Concert.  
February 7—Tremblay Concert.  
February 11—Ballet Theatre—American Ballet Company.  
February 15—Memorial Service for the late King at the Cathedral.  
February 20—Boarders' Treat.  
February 21—Three One-Act Plays at the Little Theatre.  
February 22-25—Long week-end.  
March 7—*The Imaginary Invalid* at C.R.T.  
March 15—Ashbury House Dance.  
March 19—Boarders' Treat.  
March 28—R.A. "Night of Stars".  
March 30—Excursion to the Sugar Bush.  
April 3—Easter Holidays began.  
April 16—Boarders returned.  
April 25—Ice Cycles.  
May 8—Tremblay Concert.  
May 9—Philharmonic with William Warfield.  
May 16—Elmwood Square Dance.  
May 16—*Midsummer Night's Dream* at Little Theatre.  
June 10—School Closed.





Joan Hayward

Good Luck!  
Meg Reynolds

Best of Luck

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Joe Hanson

Love  
Stone

With love  
Sally MacLaren

Good Luck  
Maurice  
Wellman

See you next year!  
Meg Reynolds

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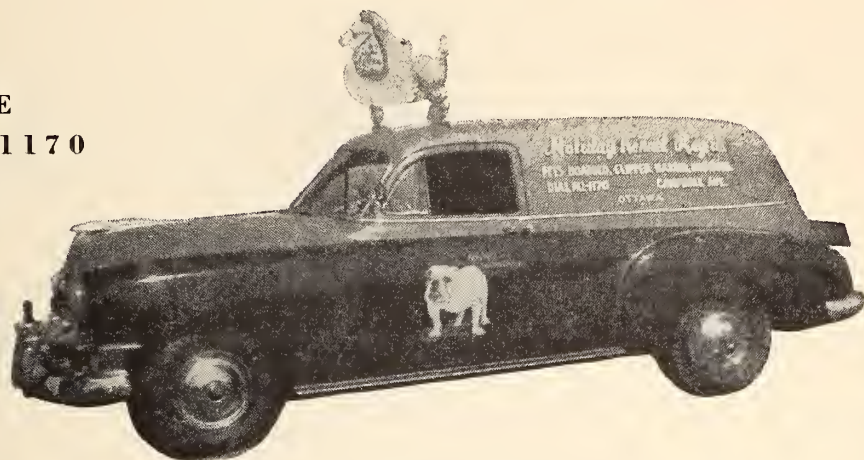
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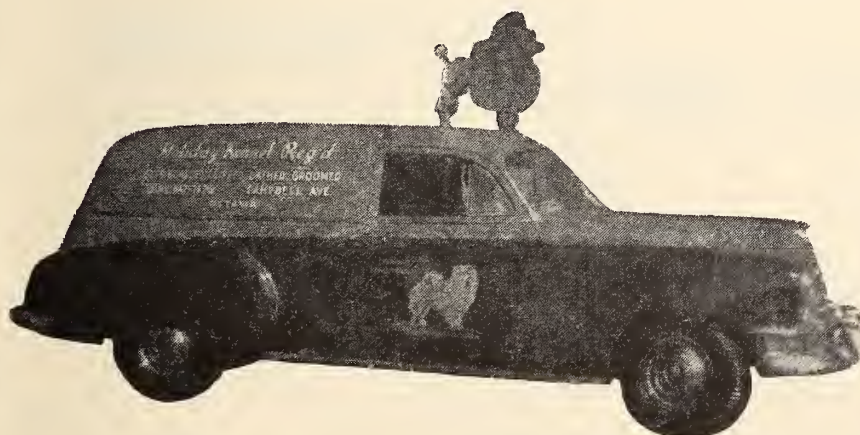
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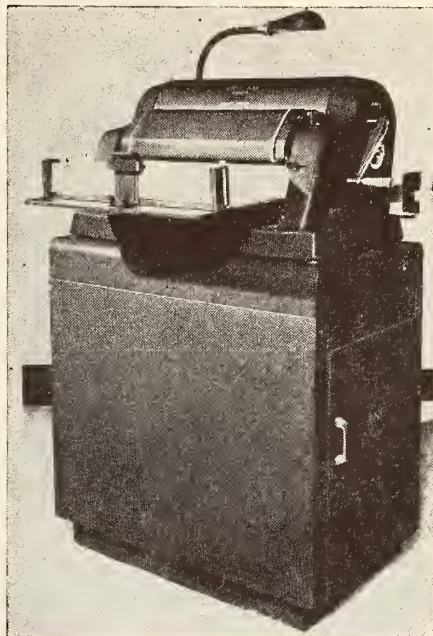
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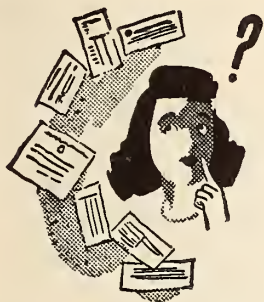
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